

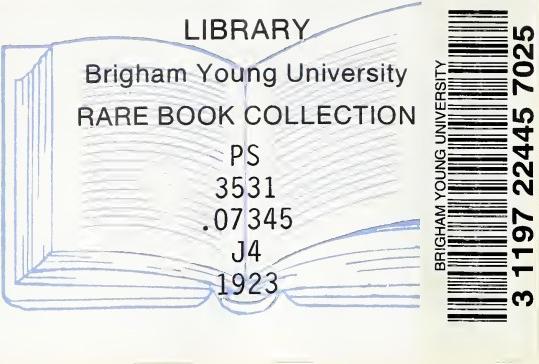
J E S U S
OR THE
EMERALD



GENE STRATTON-PORTER







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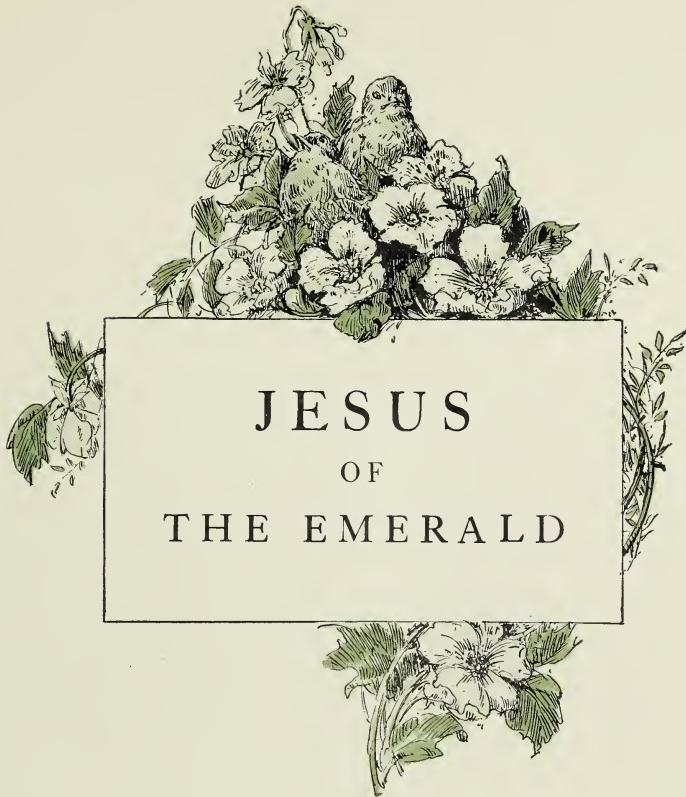
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JESUS
OF
THE EMERALD

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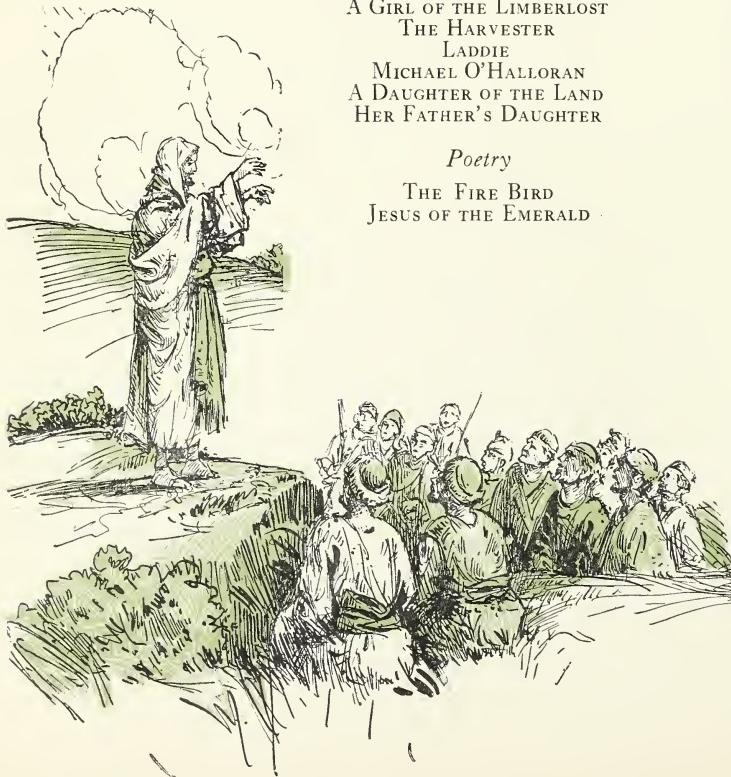
THE SONG OF THE CARDINAL
HOMING WITH THE BIRDS
BIRDS OF THE BIBLE
MUSIC OF THE WILD
FRIENDS IN FEATHERS
MOTHS OF THE LIMBERLOST
MORNING FACE

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AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW
A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST
THE HARVESTER
LADDIE
MICHAEL O'HALLORAN
A DAUGHTER OF THE LAND
HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER

Poetry

THE FIRE BIRD
JESUS OF THE EMERALD





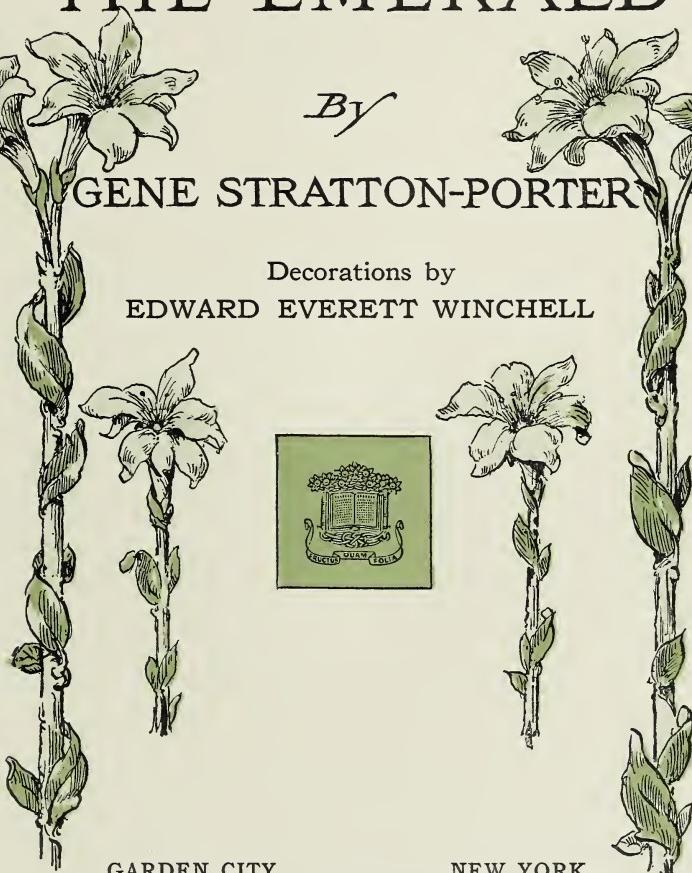
JESUS OF THE EMERALD

JESUS OF THE EMERALD

By

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

Decorations by
EDWARD EVERETT WINCHELL



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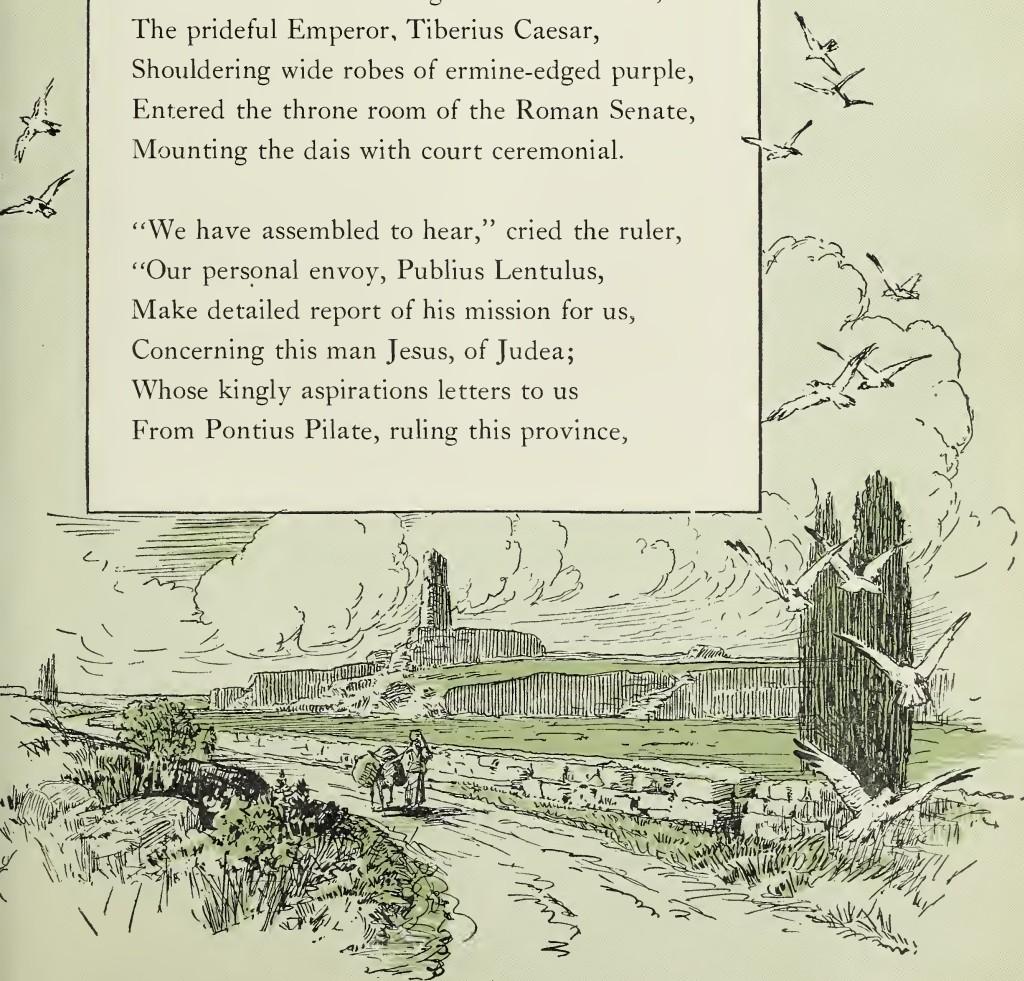
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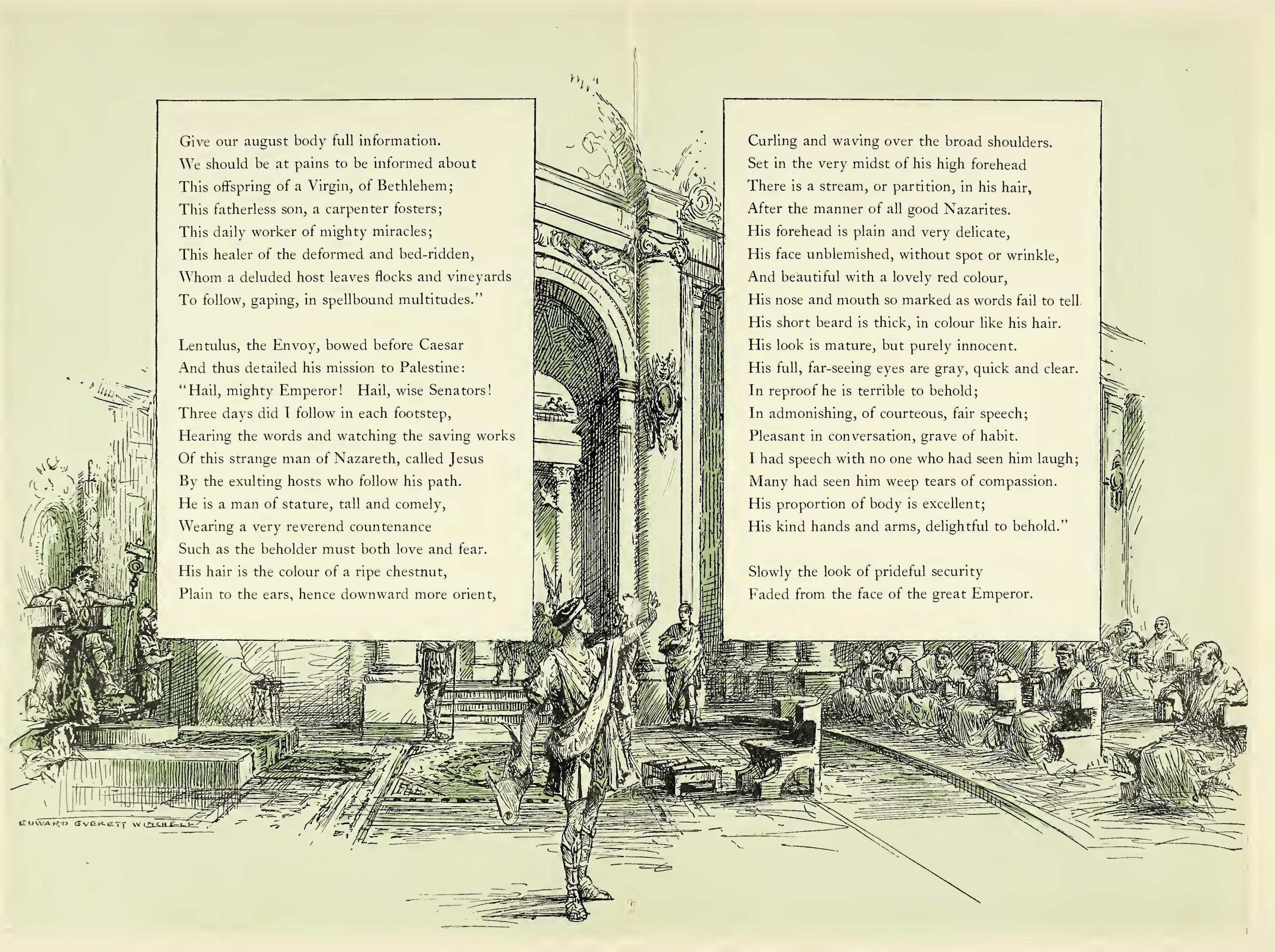
JESUS OF THE EMERALD



To fanfare of trumpet notes of ravelled gold,
Toned to timbre of aching sweet remoteness,
The prideful Emperor, Tiberius Caesar,
Shouldering wide robes of ermine-edged purple,
Entered the throne room of the Roman Senate,
Mounting the dais with court ceremonial.

"We have assembled to hear," cried the ruler,
"Our personal envoy, Publius Lentulus,
Make detailed report of his mission for us,
Concerning this man Jesus, of Judea;
Whose kingly aspirations letters to us
From Pontius Pilate, ruling this province,



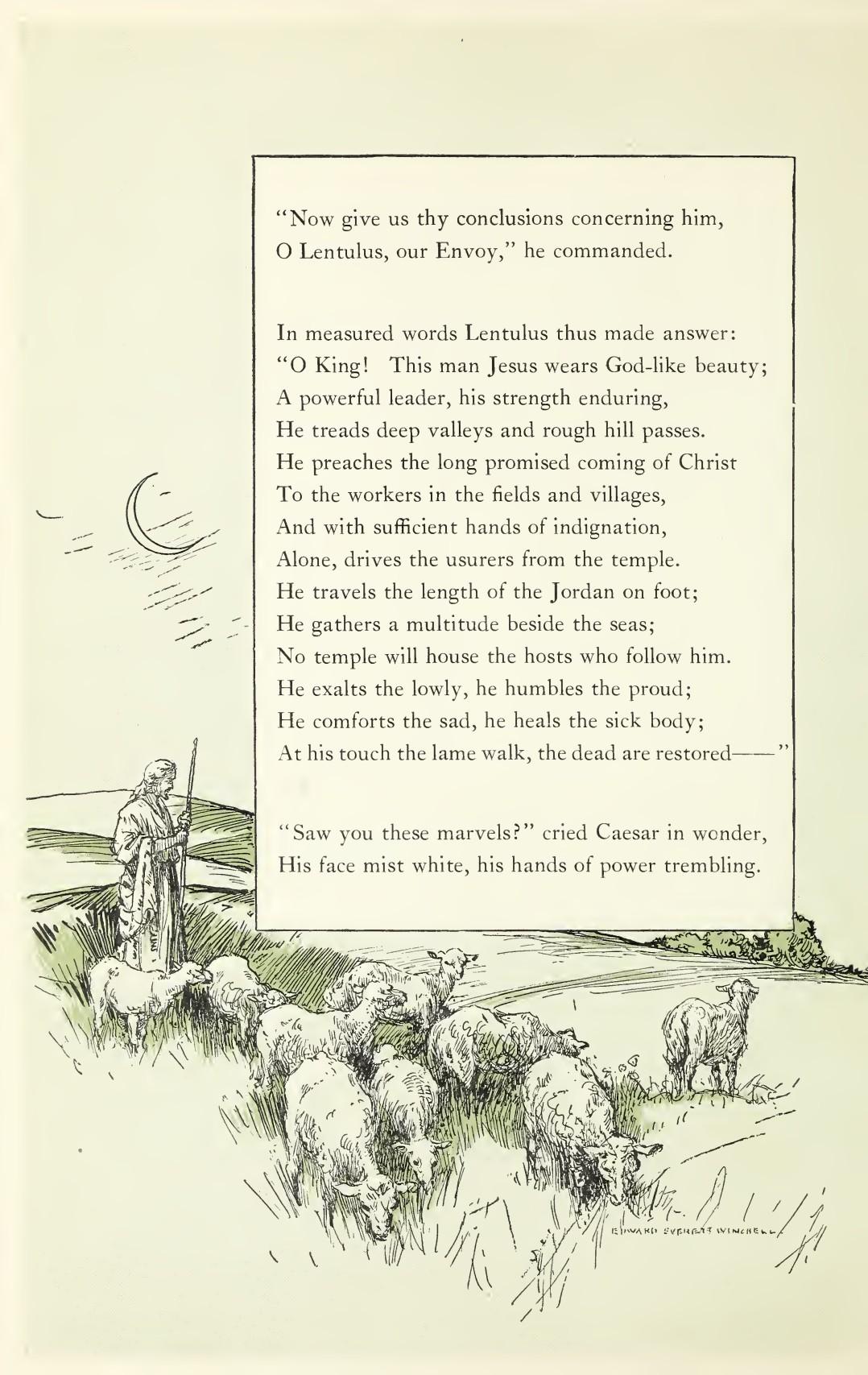


Give our august body full information.
We should be at pains to be informed about
This offspring of a Virgin, of Bethlehem;
This fatherless son, a carpenter fosters;
This daily worker of mighty miracles;
This healer of the deformed and bed-ridden,
Whom a deluded host leaves flocks and vineyards
To follow, gaping, in spellbound multitudes."

Lentulus, the Envoy, bowed before Caesar
And thus detailed his mission to Palestine:
"Hail, mighty Emperor! Hail, wise Senators!
Three days did I follow in each footstep,
Hearing the words and watching the saving works
Of this strange man of Nazareth, called Jesus
By the exulting hosts who follow his path.
He is a man of stature, tall and comely,
Wearing a very reverend countenance
Such as the beholder must both love and fear.
His hair is the colour of a ripe chestnut,
Plain to the ears, hence downward more orient,

Curling and waving over the broad shoulders.
Set in the very midst of his high forehead
There is a stream, or partition, in his hair,
After the manner of all good Nazarites.
His forehead is plain and very delicate,
His face unblemished, without spot or wrinkle,
And beautiful with a lovely red colour,
His nose and mouth so marked as words fail to tell.
His short beard is thick, in colour like his hair.
His look is mature, but purely innocent.
His full, far-seeing eyes are gray, quick and clear.
In reproof he is terrible to behold;
In admonishing, of courteous, fair speech;
Pleasant in conversation, grave of habit.
I had speech with no one who had seen him laugh;
Many had seen him weep tears of compassion.
His proportion of body is excellent;
His kind hands and arms, delightful to behold."

Slowly the look of prideful security
Faded from the face of the great Emperor.



“Now give us thy conclusions concerning him,
O Lentulus, our Envoy,” he commanded.

In measured words Lentulus thus made answer:
“O King! This man Jesus wears God-like beauty;
A powerful leader, his strength enduring,
He treads deep valleys and rough hill passes.
He preaches the long promised coming of Christ
To the workers in the fields and villages,
And with sufficient hands of indignation,
Alone, drives the usurers from the temple.
He travels the length of the Jordan on foot;
He gathers a multitude beside the seas;
No temple will house the hosts who follow him.
He exalts the lowly, he humbles the proud;
He comforts the sad, he heals the sick body;
At his touch the lame walk, the dead are restored——”

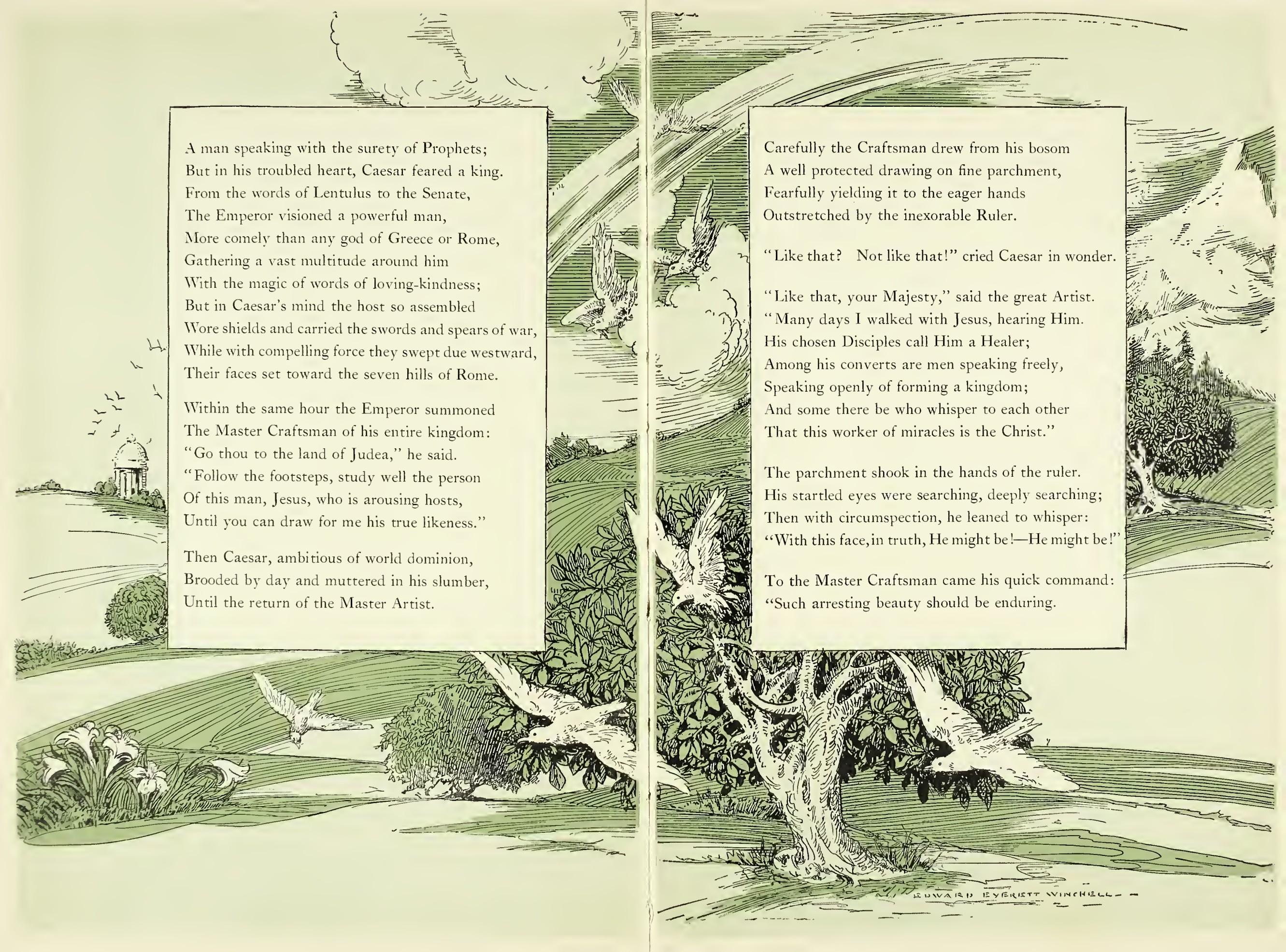
“Saw you these marvels?” cried Caesar in wonder,
His face mist white, his hands of power trembling.

Slowly made answer the Envoy, Lentulus:
“Of a verity, mine eyes saw them, O King!
His voice stills the tempest on wild Galilee;
His hand changes water to heartening wine;
Weavers forsake their looms, shepherds their own flocks,
Rich men bring their wealth to him to distribute;
The poor yield the greater riches of service.
Awed thousands follow him throughout the whole day,
And sleep near him on the hospitable earth,
Feasting on a few loaves and little fishes
That with his hands of dazing accomplishment
He breaks into baskets heaped high with plenty
In the sight of numberless, worshipping hosts.
I marvel that all Judea obeys him.”

“Have done, wise and just Lentulus!” cried Caesar.

With bowed head and bitter heart the Emperor
Arose in haste and left the Senate Chamber,
His heart shaken with jealous apprehension.
Reports had crossed the sea, of a wise Healer,





A man speaking with the surety of Prophets;
But in his troubled heart, Caesar feared a king.
From the words of Lentulus to the Senate,
The Emperor visioned a powerful man,
More comely than any god of Greece or Rome,
Gathering a vast multitude around him
With the magic of words of loving-kindness;
But in Caesar's mind the host so assembled
Wore shields and carried the swords and spears of war,
While with compelling force they swept due westward,
Their faces set toward the seven hills of Rome.

Within the same hour the Emperor summoned
The Master Craftsman of his entire kingdom:
"Go thou to the land of Judea," he said.
"Follow the footsteps, study well the person
Of this man, Jesus, who is arousing hosts,
Until you can draw for me his true likeness."

Then Caesar, ambitious of world dominion,
Brooded by day and muttered in his slumber,
Until the return of the Master Artist.

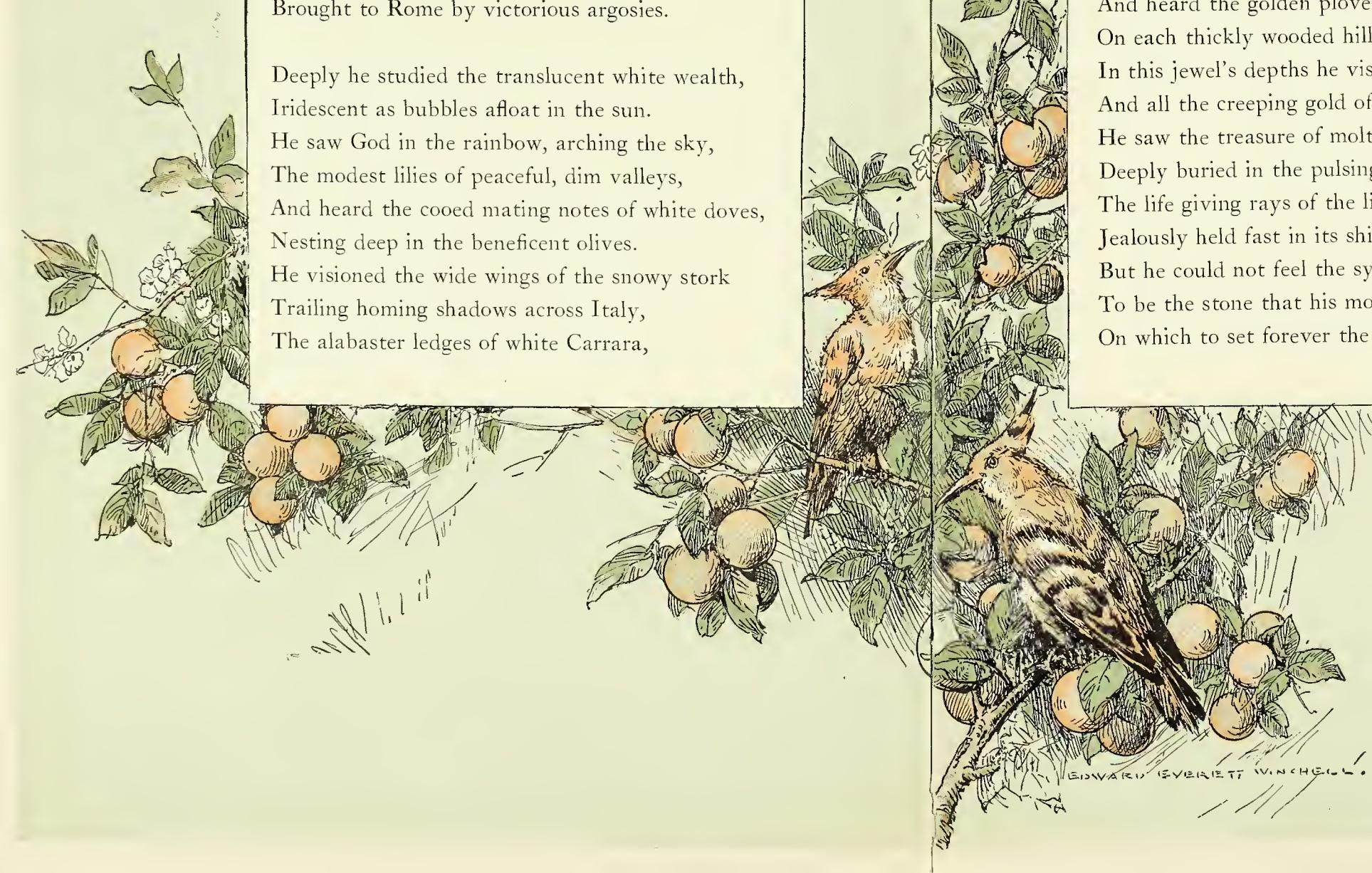
Carefully the Craftsman drew from his bosom
A well protected drawing on fine parchment,
Fearfully yielding it to the eager hands
Outstretched by the inexorable Ruler.

"Like that? Not like that!" cried Caesar in wonder.

"Like that, your Majesty," said the great Artist.
"Many days I walked with Jesus, hearing Him.
His chosen Disciples call Him a Healer;
Among his converts are men speaking freely,
Speaking openly of forming a kingdom;
And some there be who whisper to each other
That this worker of miracles is the Christ."

The parchment shook in the hands of the ruler.
His startled eyes were searching, deeply searching;
Then with circumspection, he leaned to whisper:
"With this face, in truth, He might be!—He might be!"

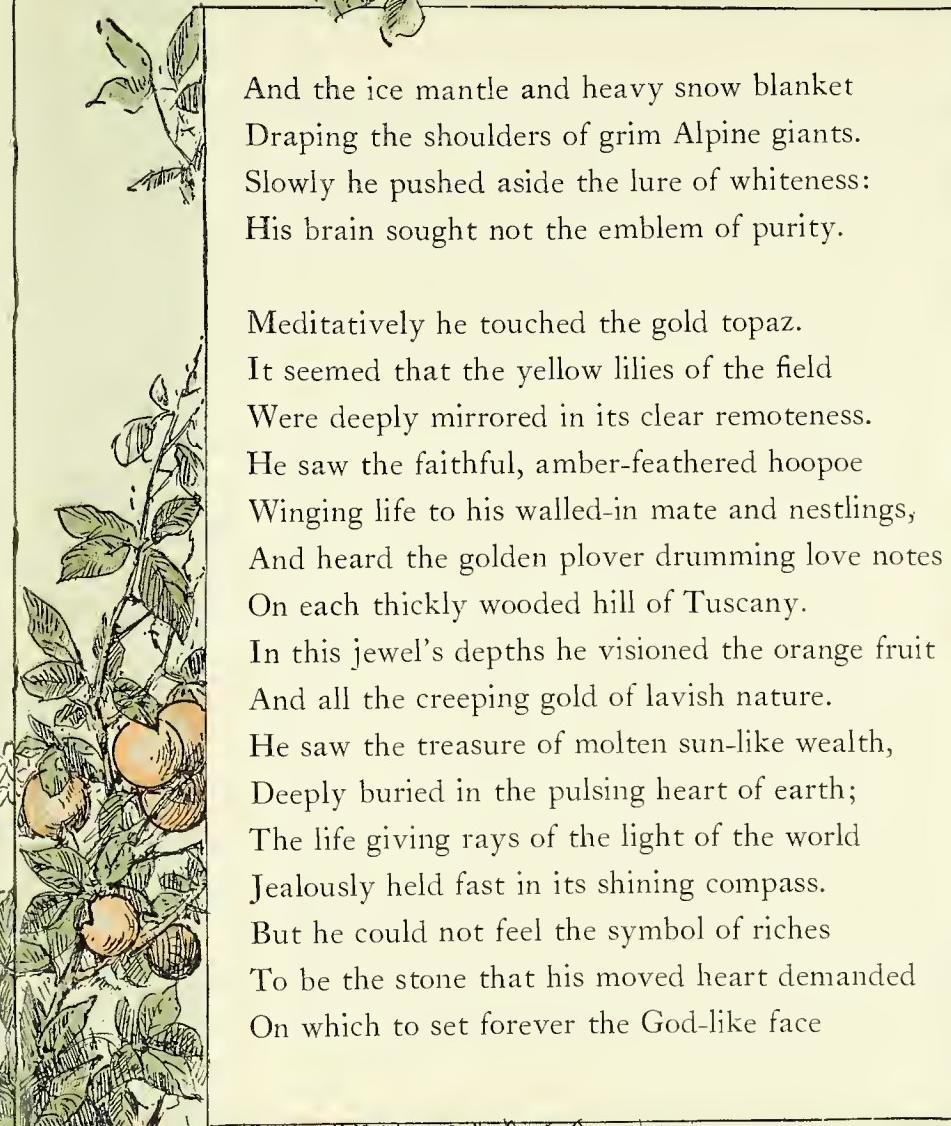
To the Master Craftsman came his quick command:
"Such arresting beauty should be enduring.



I will not risk the mercy of gorging flames
Or wind malice, be He Prophet, King or Christ.
Get you to my treasure vaults with their keeper.
From my living jewels choose that stone you will;
Not one will prove of sufficient excellence;
Then grave this likeness exactly upon it."

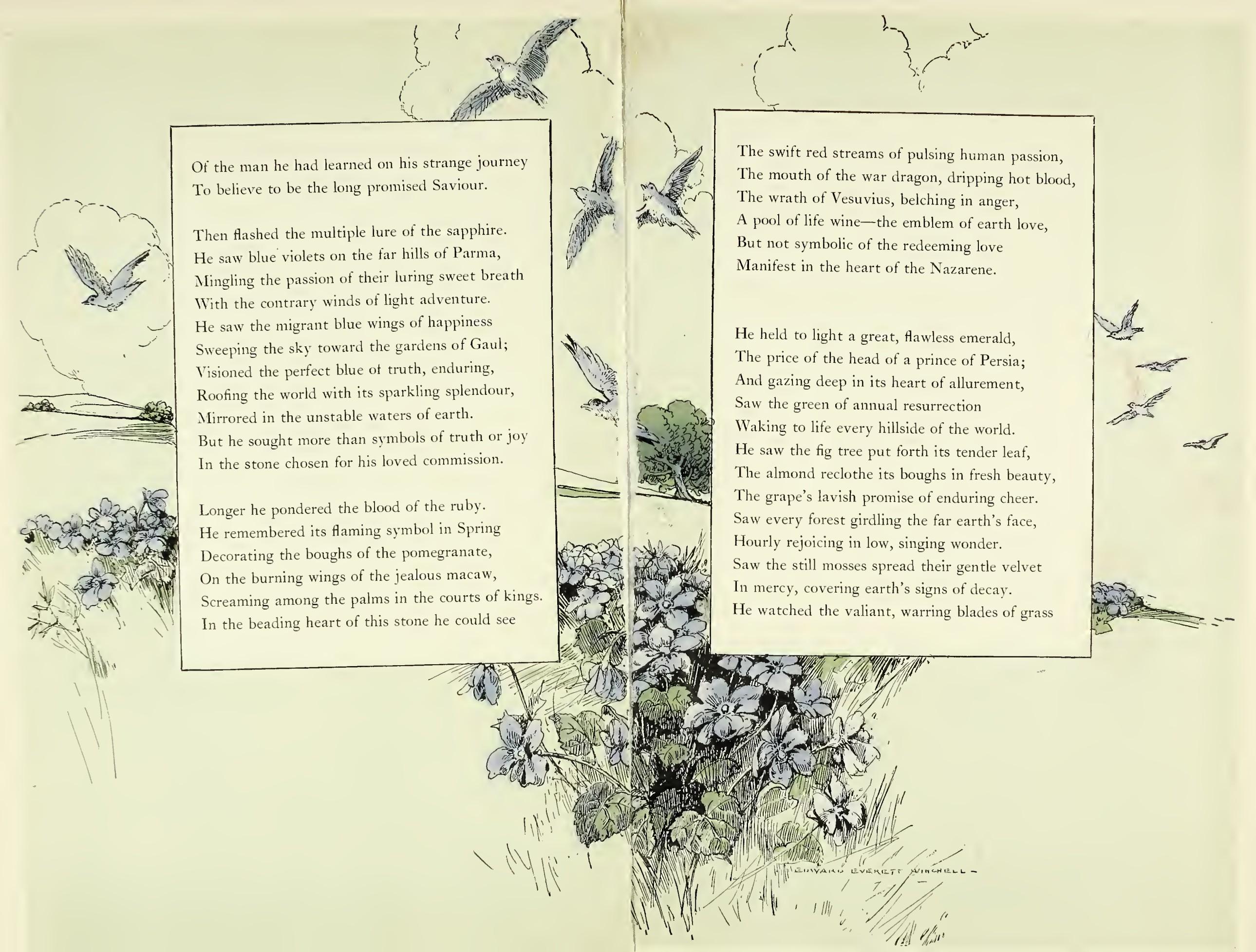
Long the Master Craftsman thoughtfully studied
Stones that had ransomed the heads of great kings,
Proud jewels that made up the richest treasure
Brought to Rome by victorious argosies.

Deeply he studied the translucent white wealth,
Iridescent as bubbles afloat in the sun.
He saw God in the rainbow, arching the sky,
The modest lilies of peaceful, dim valleys,
And heard the cooed mating notes of white doves,
Nesting deep in the beneficent olives.
He visioned the wide wings of the snowy stork
Trailing homing shadows across Italy,
The alabaster ledges of white Carrara,



And the ice mantle and heavy snow blanket
Draping the shoulders of grim Alpine giants.
Slowly he pushed aside the lure of whiteness:
His brain sought not the emblem of purity.

Meditatively he touched the gold topaz.
It seemed that the yellow lilies of the field
Were deeply mirrored in its clear remoteness.
He saw the faithful, amber-feathered hoopoe
Winging life to his walled-in mate and nestlings,
And heard the golden plover drumming love notes
On each thickly wooded hill of Tuscany.
In this jewel's depths he visioned the orange fruit
And all the creeping gold of lavish nature.
He saw the treasure of molten sun-like wealth,
Deeply buried in the pulsing heart of earth;
The life giving rays of the light of the world
Jealously held fast in its shining compass.
But he could not feel the symbol of riches
To be the stone that his moved heart demanded
On which to set forever the God-like face



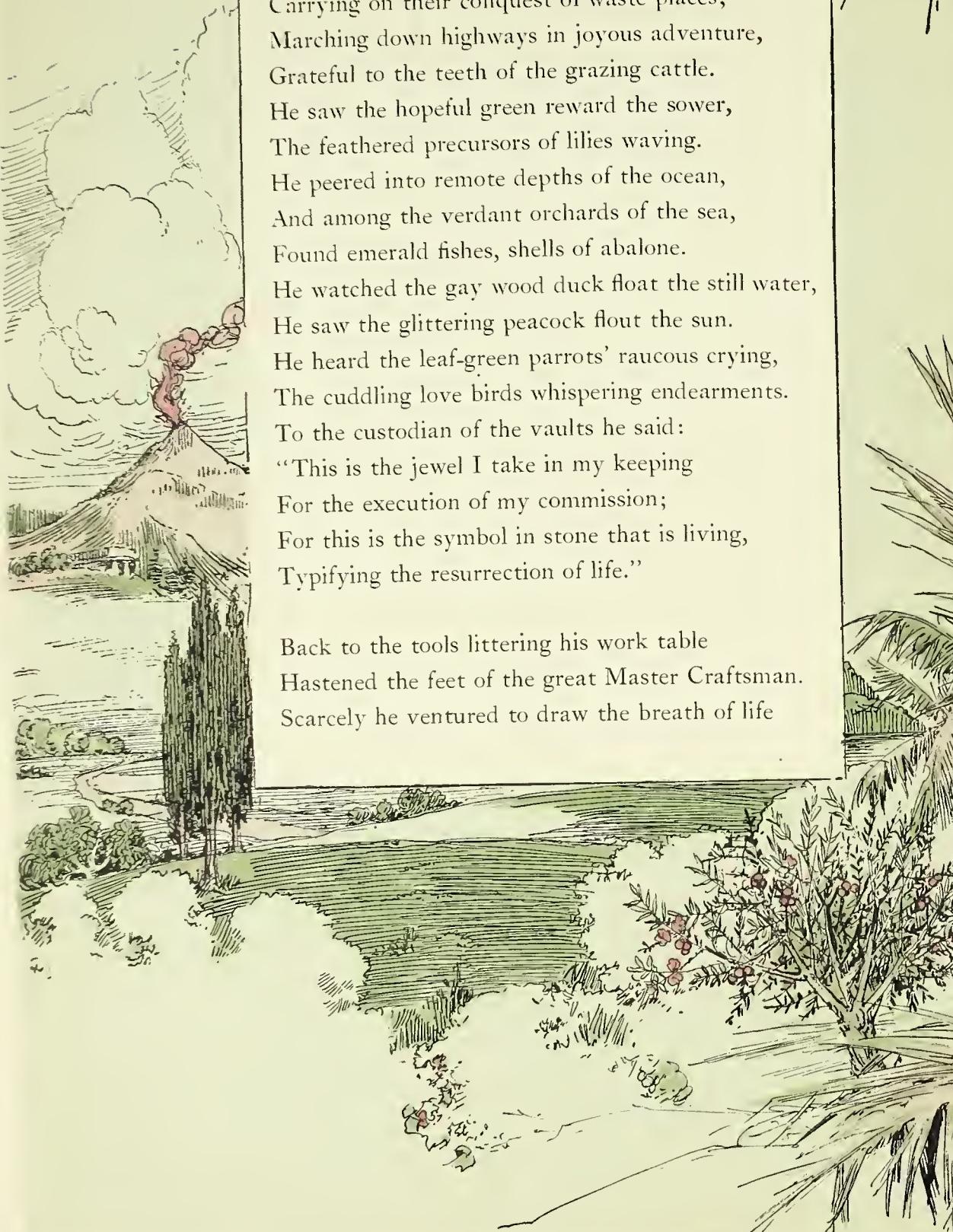
Of the man he had learned on his strange journey
To believe to be the long promised Saviour.

Then flashed the multiple lure of the sapphire.
He saw blue violets on the far hills of Parma,
Mingling the passion of their luring sweet breath
With the contrary winds of light adventure.
He saw the migrant blue wings of happiness
Sweeping the sky toward the gardens of Gaul;
Visioned the perfect blue of truth, enduring,
Roofing the world with its sparkling splendour,
Mirrored in the unstable waters of earth.
But he sought more than symbols of truth or joy
In the stone chosen for his loved commission.

Longer he pondered the blood of the ruby.
He remembered its flaming symbol in Spring
Decorating the boughs of the pomegranate,
On the burning wings of the jealous macaw,
Screaming among the palms in the courts of kings.
In the beading heart of this stone he could see

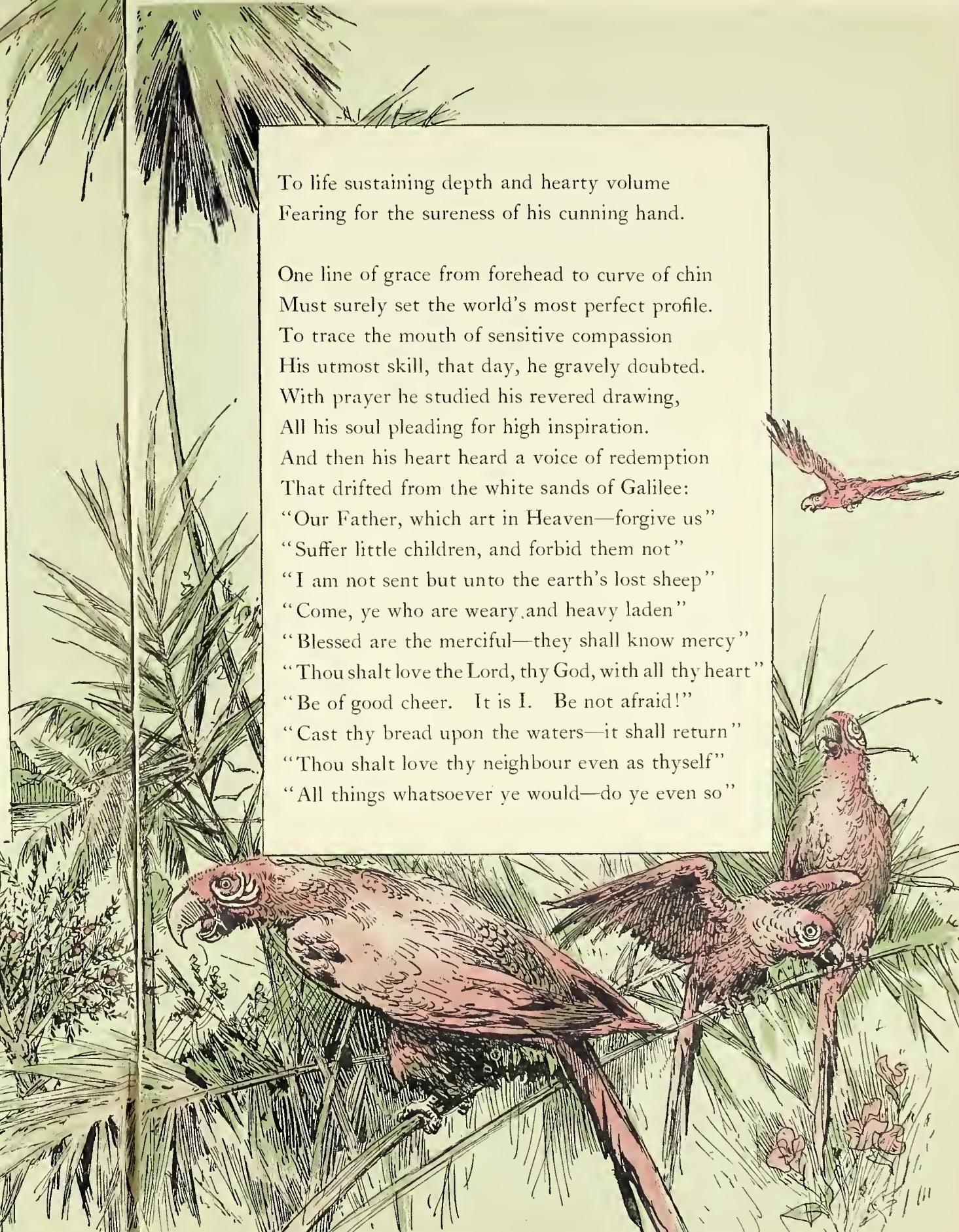
The swift red streams of pulsing human passion,
The mouth of the war dragon, dripping hot blood,
The wrath of Vesuvius, belching in anger,
A pool of life wine—the emblem of earth love,
But not symbolic of the redeeming love
Manifest in the heart of the Nazarene.

He held to light a great, flawless emerald,
The price of the head of a prince of Persia;
And gazing deep in its heart of allurement,
Saw the green of annual resurrection
Waking to life every hillside of the world.
He saw the fig tree put forth its tender leaf,
The almond reclothe its boughs in fresh beauty,
The grape's lavish promise of enduring cheer.
Saw every forest girdling the far earth's face,
Hourly rejoicing in low, singing wonder.
Saw the still mosses spread their gentle velvet
In mercy, covering earth's signs of decay.
He watched the valiant, warring blades of grass



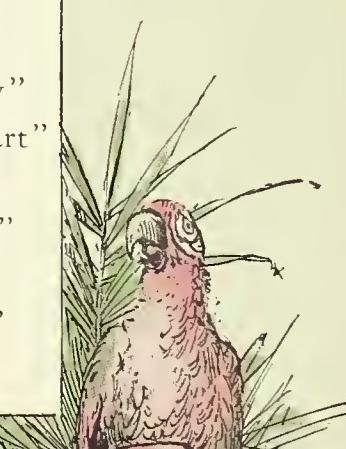
Carrying on their conquest of waste places;
Marching down highways in joyous adventure,
Grateful to the teeth of the grazing cattle.
He saw the hopeful green reward the sower,
The feathered precursors of lilies waving.
He peered into remote depths of the ocean,
And among the verdant orchards of the sea,
Found emerald fishes, shells of abalone.
He watched the gay wood duck float the still water,
He saw the glittering peacock flout the sun.
He heard the leaf-green parrots' raucous crying,
The cuddling love birds whispering endearments.
To the custodian of the vaults he said:
"This is the jewel I take in my keeping
For the execution of my commission;
For this is the symbol in stone that is living,
Typifying the resurrection of life."

Back to the tools littering his work table
Hastened the feet of the great Master Craftsman.
Scarcely he ventured to draw the breath of life



To life sustaining depth and hearty volume
Fearing for the sureness of his cunning hand.

One line of grace from forehead to curve of chin
Must surely set the world's most perfect profile.
To trace the mouth of sensitive compassion
His utmost skill, that day, he gravely doubted.
With prayer he studied his revered drawing,
All his soul pleading for high inspiration.
And then his heart heard a voice of redemption
That drifted from the white sands of Galilee:
"Our Father, which art in Heaven—forgive us"
"Suffer little children, and forbid them not"
"I am not sent but unto the earth's lost sheep"
"Come, ye who are weary, and heavy laden"
"Blessed are the merciful—they shall know mercy"
"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart"
"Be of good cheer. It is I. Be not afraid!"
"Cast thy bread upon the waters—it shall return"
"Thou shalt love thy neighbour even as thyself"
"All things whatsoever ye would—do ye even so"

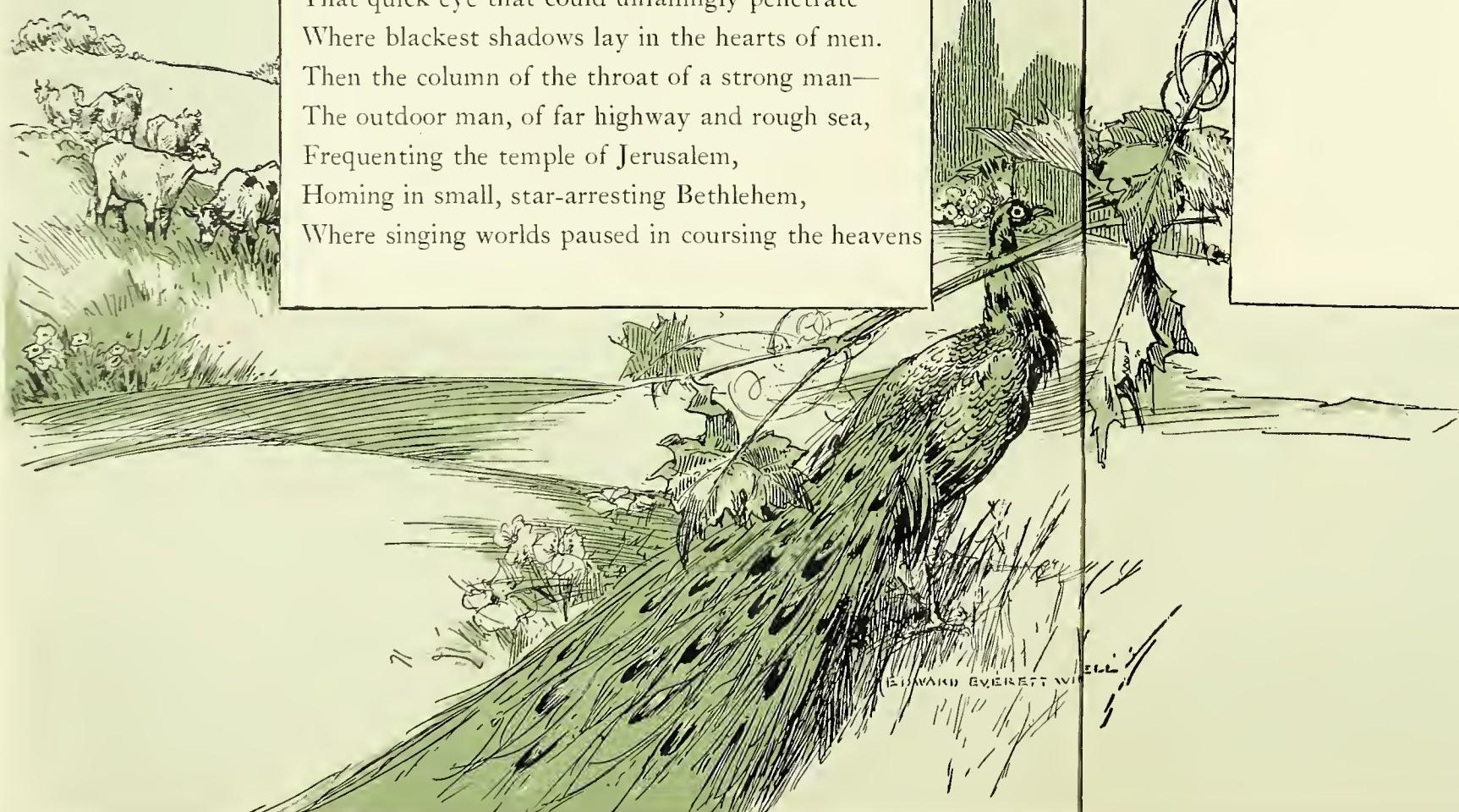
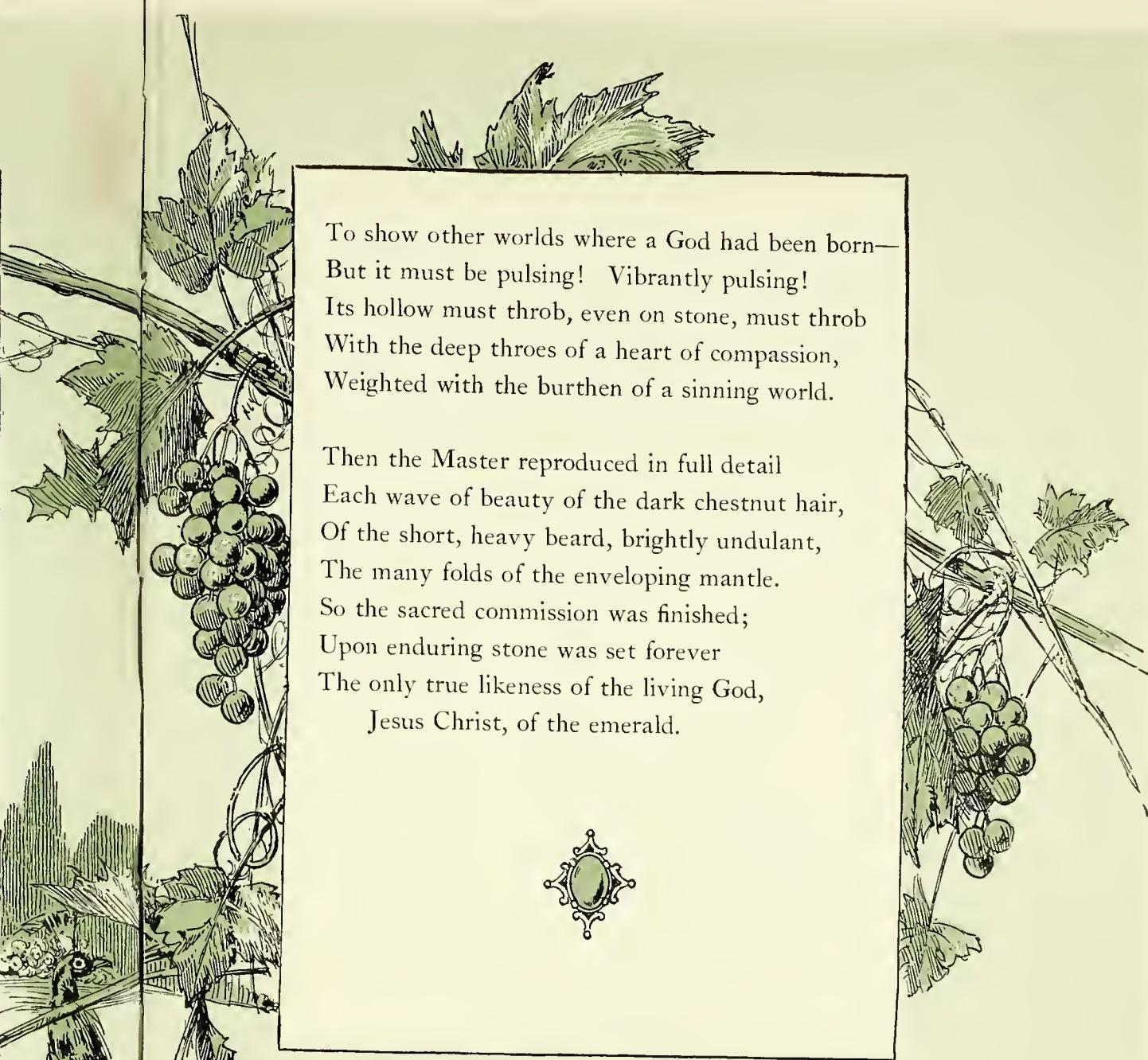
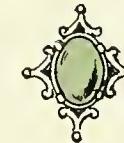


"Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth"
"Render—to Caesar the things which are Caesar's"
To all our beloved dead: "Arise, and come forth."
To the uncertain blind: "Look up and see."
To the lame: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk."
To the loathsome leper: "I will; be thou clean."
To Galilee's mad waters: "Peace, be still!"

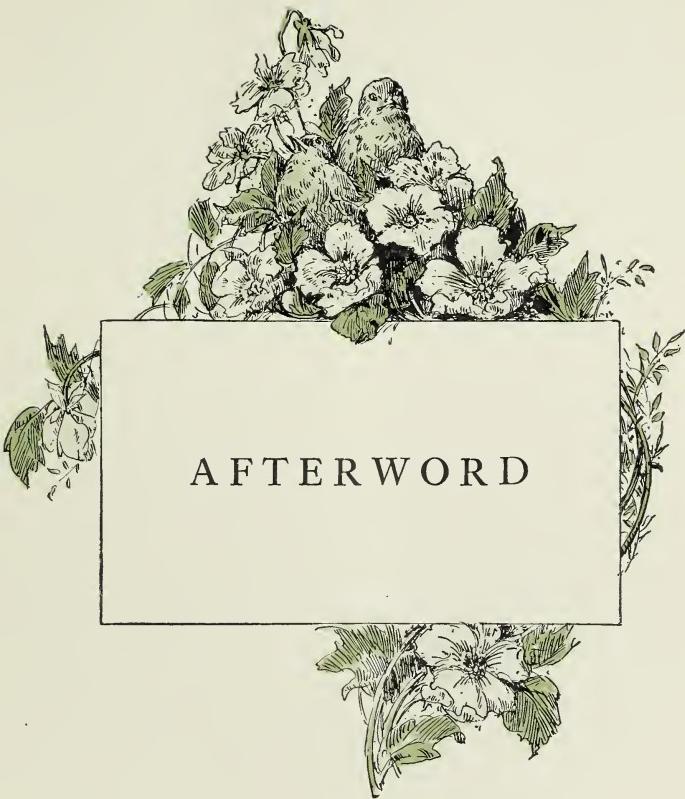
With certitude the Master could carve them then,
Proud lips that spoke free, triumphant salvation.
Ultimate hope for a bewildered world.
One sweep of beauty for the line of the chin,
The perfect brow, a slender, serene bow,
And that eye, surely piercing hypocrisy,
That quick eye that could unfailingly penetrate
Where blackest shadows lay in the hearts of men.
Then the column of the throat of a strong man—
The outdoor man, of far highway and rough sea,
Frequenting the temple of Jerusalem,
Homing in small, star-arresting Bethlehem,
Where singing worlds paused in coursing the heavens

To show other worlds where a God had been born—
But it must be pulsing! Vibrantly pulsing!
Its hollow must throb, even on stone, must throb
With the deep throes of a heart of compassion,
Weighted with the burthen of a sinning world.

Then the Master reproduced in full detail
Each wave of beauty of the dark chestnut hair,
Of the short, heavy beard, brightly undulant,
The many folds of the enveloping mantle.
So the sacred commission was finished;
Upon enduring stone was set forever
The only true likeness of the living God,
Jesus Christ, of the emerald.







AFTERWORD



AFTERWORD

During the seven years prior to 1909, while collecting material from the treasures of the world of books and art for a work concerning the birds of the Bible, I found what is known to students of ancient history as the "Lentulus Legend" concerning the personal appearance and the work of Jesus Christ. This description so agreed with my conception of the person of Jesus Christ that I used it in my book, taking especial care to state that the material was submitted to the Roman senate by Publius Lentulus, a personal envoy of Tiberius Caesar, since history does not support the sometime assumption that he was a Roman senator. Some have thought that Lentulus was the predecessor of

Pilate as governor of Judea, holding office under Herod, the king. In the historical work of Flavius Josephus, entitled "Antiquities of the Jews," Book Fourteen, Chapter Ten, Page 386, Paragraph Four, there is a mention of a Publius Lentulus who was the father of Lucius Lentulus, a consul, who was extremely active in securing an increase of pay for the army, so that his father might have been a consul also, and especially available as the personal envoy of Tiberius.

A great many historians are of the opinion that Flavius Josephus was a painstaking and accurate historian and that his records are correct. Contradicting this are the following authorities who disagree with him:

In the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology" by Smith, Volume Two, Page 729, there is given a list of the members of the Lentulus family, but in this list Publius Lentulus is described as having taken part in the Conspiracy of Catiline which was sixty-three years before the birth of Christ. There is a Cossus Cornelius Lentulus who was consul in the year One before Christ. On the accession of Tiberius Caesar fourteen years after Christ, he accompanied Drusus to Pomonia to quell a mutiny. In A. D. 16 he took part in a debate in the senate respecting Libo, and in A. D. 22 respecting Silanus, and

again in A. D. 24, when he was accused of majestos. He died A. D. 25 leaving behind him an honourable reputation. His son became consul A. D. 26. He was a writer and Tiberius Caesar was thought to have been afraid of him because of his large influence with the army. He is also mentioned in "The Greatness and Decline of Rome" by Ferrero. Ferrero mentions Publius Cornelius Lentulus as a consul 58 B. C. and Lucius Cornelius Lentulus as a candidate for consulship 49 B. C.

In Ferguson's "Rome" Adam Ferguson tells of Publius Cornelius Lentulus, a praetor, in the Conspiracy of Catiline. In H. C. Havell's work entitled "Republican Rome" he describes the same Publius Cornelius Lentulus in the Conspiracy of Catiline 63 B. C.

Latimer, in a work entitled "Judea from Cyrus to Titus" 537 B. C. to 70 A. D., gives a complete chapter on Pontius Pilate, but does not mention Publius Lentulus.

Lodge, in his "History of the Nations," Volume Three, mentions Publius Lentulus and the conspiracy of 63 B. C. Cicero's Orations, by Yonge, give the same mention. The Merivale "History of the Romans," Volume Seven, contains the same mention as well as Smith in his "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology." "The Story of Rome," by Mommsen,

Volume Five, has a great deal to say about Lucius Lentulus who was a consul 49 b. c. when civil war was declared between Caesar and Pompey.

The "Encyclopedia Britannica" has an article on Pilate but says nothing about Publius Lentulus. It also has an article on Tiberius but makes no mention of either Lentulus. It also gives an article on the Lentulus family, but mentions none during the reign of Tiberius Caesar, 14 A. D. to 37 A. D. The "Catholic Encyclopedia" in Volume Nine, says that Publius Lentulus was supposed to have been governor of Judea before Pontius Pilate, but that there never was a governor of Jerusalem nor a procurator of Judea by the name of Lentulus. It, also, in Volume Fourteen, gives a biography of Tiberius but does not mention Publius.

Other equally reliable authorities fully establish a father and son, each named Cossus Cornelius Lentulus, during the reign of Tiberius Caesar, and very possibly one of these may have been the envoy of Caesar; or there very plausibly could have been a son, grandson, or other relative of the Publius Cornelius Lentulus of the Cataline conspiracy of 63 b. c. who was of sufficient importance to be sent on a personal mission for Tiberius Caesar, and for personal reasons of the Emperor, not entered in the records of the time. If this be true then it stands to reason that the Records of Flavius

Josephus might come much closer being true history than those of later writers.

Much discussion concerning this matter was aroused in the spring of 1923, in France and England by the publication of Anatole France's wonderful story "The Procurator of Judea" in his book entitled "Mother of Pearl." The Paris "Matin" published the story of the discovery of the description of Jesus Christ in which I have been interested since 1909. The "Matin" told of a description in a police report accredited to a proconsul, one Publius Lentulus, predecessor to Pilate. Anatole France describes how an exiled Roman meets Pontius Pilate and inquires if he remembers Jesus. Pilate answers that he does not. The police description quoted by France is not the same as the Lentulus description. The former states that Christ had fair hair, blue eyes, and a double pointed beard. The latter states that his eyes were gray, his hair chestnut.

In an article in the *Evening Herald* of London, in the issue of May 12, 1923, H. T. Vickers writes as follows on this subject:

"It may interest your readers to learn further details of this report. It happens that I have in my possession a bound copy of the Old and New Testaments, the Apocrypha, Book of Common Prayer, etc. which is over three hundred years old, having been variously

printed between the years 1619 and 1623. It contains numerous marginal notes written in Old English and Hebrew, and among them is this very report by Publius Lentulus, giving a description of the personal characteristics, etc., of Jesus.

"The writing is in Old English, traced with a very fine pen in remarkably small characters. Unfortunately, I am unable to decipher all the words, and one or two lines have been obliterated owing to the fraying of the edge of the page on which the story appears."

Mr. Vickers goes on to say: "As a matter of further interest it may be mentioned that this entry was probably made by a clergyman, Henricus Fowler, Rector of Minchinhampton, as there is an inscription in the book to that effect, bearing the date of 1628. This gentleman has very thoughtfully added a footnote, explaining that the above description of Jesus was procured for him from the library of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, and that 'the writing and the picture of Jesus Christ was a most rare masterpiece of art.'"

With this I fully agree. Evidently the powerful magnetism of this picture was as keenly felt centuries ago as it is to-day, while its authenticity is fully established.

The one fact upon which historians agree is that

descriptions of the person and the work of Jesus Christ reached the Roman senate, either by letters from Judea or by personal messenger at the instigation of Caesar. No doubt the matter I used was secured by Caesar after Pilate had become alarmed at the host following the teachings of Jesus Christ, since they multiplied to disquieting numbers, and history amply sustains the fact that Pilate himself so informed Caesar, very probably because of the agitation among the High Priests over the miracles performed by Jesus, and because Herod was uneasy.

After such a letter from the governor of Judea to the Emperor of Rome, it is the most natural thing conceivable that Caesar should send a personal envoy to make an investigation, because if the power of Pilate, holding office under Herod and paying tribute to Rome, were threatened, very possibly the throne of Caesar might be threatened also. I am sure, from a study of the history of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, that he kept himself personally informed and that he made no move to prevent the death of Christ because His power with the people was a menace to Pilate and Herod, as well as to himself. The world is full of similar history. Our day need not stand aghast at the deeds of either Herod or Caesar. They have had many predecessors and successors who only needed a Christ

to execute; failing this, they attempted to stabilize their official positions and extend their power by executing other rulers and their fellow men.

The Methodist Book Concern, which reproduced the "Lentulus Legend," had taken the liberty slightly to alter the matter, and in my use of it in the early part of the poem, in order to swing it to the rhythm and meter selected, still further liberties were taken with the structure, but only minor ones, and in no instance was the sense even slightly altered.

Gibbon, in "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Volume Two, Chapter Sixteen, Page 108, according to the fifth edition issued by Methuen and Company of London, has this to say: "The apology of Tertullian contains two very ancient, very singular, but at the same time, very suspicious, instances of Imperial clemency; the edicts published by Tiberius and Marcus Antoninus, and designed not only to protect the innocence of the Christians, but even to proclaim those stupendous miracles which had attested the truth of their doctrine. The first of these examples is attended with some difficulties which might perplex the skeptical mind. We are required to believe that Pontius Pilate informed the emperor of the unjust sentence of death which he had pronounced against an innocent, and, as it appeared, a divine person; and that,

without acquiring the merit, he exposed himself to the danger of martyrdom; that Tiberius, who avowed his contempt for all religion, immediately conceived the design of placing the Jewish Messiah among the gods of Rome; that his servile senate ventured to disobey the commands of their master; that Tiberius, instead of resenting their refusal, contented himself with protecting the Christians from the severity of the laws, many years before such laws were enacted, or before the church had assumed any distinct name or existence; and lastly, that the memory of this extraordinary transaction was preserved in the most public and authentic records, which escaped the knowledge of the historians of Greece and Rome, and were only visible to the eyes of an African Christian, who composed his apology one hundred and sixty years after the death of Tiberius.” If this astounding fact escaped the knowledge of the historians of Greece and Rome, other facts equally important might very much well have escaped or been concealed from them also. One thing is certain: there is some basic truth—at the beginning of every Legend. Gibbon continues: “The edict of Marcus Antoninus is supposed to have been the effect of his devotion and gratitude for the miraculous deliverance which he had obtained in the Marcomannic war.”

This sustains my conception of Tiberius Caesar in the

foregoing poem. Given proof that Pilate informed Tiberius Caesar of the appearance and work of Jesus Christ, it is altogether probable that Caesar should have looked to his own security by sending a personal envoy minutely to investigate the person and the teachings of the man who threatened the rule of Pilate and incurred the wrath of Herod and the High Priests led by Cephas. That Pilate sent several letters to Caesar and to the Roman senate is unquestionable. The several Biblical records of the crucifixion all make clear the fact that Pilate tried in various ways to influence the High Priests and the Elders to save Jesus. The wife of Pilate entered a plea for the life of Jesus. Pilate himself used all his influence to secure the release of Jesus instead of Barabbas, and when all appeals failed, publicly performed the ceremony of washing his hands of the whole affair. That Caesar had been deeply moved by the report brought to him concerning the person and the work of Jesus Christ and by the subsequent nobility and attitude of His followers, is amply proved by Caesar's many acts of clemency to the Christians even in defiance of the rulings of the senate. In this I find ample and substantial ground for my conception as to how the likeness of Jesus of the emerald was produced.

“Birds of the Bible” was published in 1909. In

March of 1922 I received a packet from Mr. Charles Anderson, of Melbourne, Australia, containing what was to me a new likeness of Jesus Christ. The sender stated that thirty years ago, while in the employ of the British Museum, he had secured the privilege of making a copy of a negative which had been photographed from a priceless emerald now held among the treasures of the Vatican. He wrote that he had been reading "Birds of the Bible" and the Lentulus legend he found there so perfectly fitted the picture in his possession that he felt I would be interested. This photograph made one of two things evident. Either the description was written from it, or it had been drawn to fit the description. In either case there was no questioning the fact that the description and the picture belonged together. I was delighted with the picture because it fulfilled my personal conception of Jesus Christ developed from early teaching and subsequent investigation.

Those who believe the Biblical account of the birth of Jesus Christ must concede that the plan of God for the salvation of this world was to have a Son of His own conceived by an immaculate virgin and brought into this world in the same manner as all little children, that he might reach maturity understanding the nature and having had the experience of other men of the world; that He should fulfil the mission for which

He was sent and return to his Father. As the Son of God there was no reason why Jesus Christ should have resembled other men of His time and His mother's race. It is specifically stated that He was the Son of God, sent to save all men—Greek, Hebrew, Roman. It is urgently reasonable that in such case his power would be greater with all men if, in appearance, he possessed the perfection of a God, rather than to resemble closely any particular race, many of these races having been for ages at war.

There is every reason why He should have resembled God, His Father. An inscription photographed with the likeness states: "The only true likeness of 'Our Saviour' taken from one cut on an emerald by command of Tiberius Caesar, and given from the Treasury of Constantinople by the Emperor of the Turks to Pope Innocent VIII for the redemption of his brother, then a captive of the Christians."

This does not explain why so beautiful and appealing a picture should not long ago have been given general circulation. The real reason probably lies in the fact that some historians do not believe in the authenticity of the likeness. Since every other picture we possess of Jesus Christ is merely the idea of some artist as to how the Saviour looked when He performed His mission in human form among us, I can see no reason

why the conception of Him by the particular artist who made this picture should be suppressed and others, emanating from no more reliable sources, should be exploited. To my mind there is the strongest possibility that both the description and the picture are genuine, that the description might have been attributed to a Lentulus one generation later, the first Publius being definitely located 63 b. c.

I have shown this likeness to no one of any race or denomination who ever before had seen or heard of it with the exception of Bishop Cantwell of the Diocese of Los Angeles. The Bishop told me that many years ago, while travelling in Australia, he had seen a copy of this picture in the possession of a man of that country. He also knew of the original emerald among the treasures of the Vatican. Mrs. Nation, who spent twenty years of her life in Rome gathering the collection of reproductions of the great sacred paintings of the world recently purchased by the City of New York, told me personally that she had seen the emerald, engraved with the head of Christ, among the treasures of the Vatican, and had been permitted to handle it. Recently, Tiffany's, in collecting treasures for the Morgan Memorial Hall of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, purchased from the estate of a woman to whom a cardinal had given it, a head of Jesus cut on an

orange garnet one and a quarter by one and three quarter inches in dimension. This head is entirely lacking in the spiritual appeal, the exquisite curves of line and feature which mark the likeness of Jesus of the Emerald. I have discussed this subject with many prelates of standing and none of them can see any conceivable reason why this wonderful likeness of Jesus should not be given to His followers as well as other attempts by other artists to materialize Him physically.

It is a matter of speculation among students as to how the minute work of the ancients in carving so exquisitely the extremely hard stones, spoken of by them as "living stones," was accomplished without the aid of lenses. Such work was for a time a lost art which revived with the manufacture of lenses. The "living stones" of the ancients were those least affected by fire or water—the diamond, the sapphire, topaz, ruby, emerald, and so forth. In another class they listed the pearl, sardonyx, turquoise, and stones of softer formation.

I never have shown this likeness of Jesus Christ to any one of any denomination, or of none at all, who did not instantly pause and study it in tense absorption, nor have I yet found any one capable of putting into words exactly the appeal made to him by this face. The phrase of the Lentulus description concerning the

nose and mouth "so marked as cannot be described" might well apply to the entire face, so exquisite is the appeal of its God-like beauty, its purity and compassion.

I can see no reason, since it never fails to make this appeal, why it should not be placed in the hands of every believer in the immaculate conception; of every lover of the personality and the teachings of Jesus Christ. It will be recalled that in our translations of the history of the mission of Christ on this earth there is a hiatus. No one gives any explanation of where Jesus was or how He occupied His time after He taught the doctors of the law in the temple until He made His appearance at the beginning of His ministry. A clue has been offered by Nicholas Notovitch which can be found in a French translation by Alexina Loranger in a little booklet entitled "The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ." This link was supplied by Notovitch who, while travelling in the East, found among the records of a monastery in Thibet at Himis a memoir of the life of Jesus Christ which indicates that the period concerning which our records give no history was spent in a long journey on the part of Jesus, during which He sailed on trading vessels to far countries and there talked with the people, preaching the same doctrines, the same plan of salvation, as He later preached in Judea. These records state that

Jesus secretly left His father's house, went out of Jerusalem in the company of some merchants and travelled to Sind that He might study the religion, the laws, and the customs of other countries. He was taught the languages and beliefs of many peoples. He later spent six years in Benaires and other holy cities continuing His journey through India, and the records found there concerning Him exactly coincide with the teachings that He later spread throughout Judea and they also explain His breadth of vision, His depth of understanding, His authoritative speech, and a broader comprehension than He could have attained had He remained during these nineteen years in His humble home in Bethlehem, working at the trade of a carpenter, except by direct miracle such as He displayed in the temple of Jerusalem at the age of twelve. These translations show that He taught in these foreign countries that He was the Son of God, that in the course of time He must return to His own land, and if need be, offer Himself as a sacrifice for the redemption of His people; and the records also show that news of His crucifixion was carried back to these foreign countries and that they deeply mourned the death of one whose teachings they respected and whom they considered a saint. It appeals to me that savants interested in ancient research could find no more promising matter

than by going through the archives of these ancient monasteries of India, Thibet, and the lands visited by Jesus, and searching for other chronicles such as that brought from Thibet by Nicholas Notovitch.

Before writing "Folk Lore of the Bible" Frasier made the most extensive travel and research of any man aspiring to authority on this subject. He not only circled the globe, but he spent the greater part of an average lifetime visiting the most remote peoples, and everywhere he found in the hearts of men a universal belief in a great ruling Spirit. He found very similar beliefs and customs practised all over the world, based on very similar lines of reasoning. He also found widespread a knowledge of the sunken Atlantis and traditions of the flood even among widely scattered tribes of our North American Indians. He found far-reaching knowledge of the world's two greatest records of abatement of natural law in the star that travelled eastward and stood still over Bethlehem at the birth of Christ, and the even greater phenomenon of the hours in which the world was enveloped in darkness at the time of the crucifixion.

To my mind it is absurd to look to the Heavens above us and believe that other innumerable bodies circling their orbits, other suns, other moons, other solar systems, can differ widely from ours. The spectrum now

shows thirty suns surrounded by planetary systems. In the nature of things they must be formed practically of the same substances as is our world; they must evolve life in the same way. I do not understand how there can be any doubt in the mind of any one touching natural science even lightly that these other worlds, many of them larger and more favourably situate in the universe than we, have evolved life and living conditions and have been peopled possibly aeons before our time. The spectrum now points to Venus as showing the most signs of having living conditions of any planet near us.

Neither in my mind is there any doubt but that God, at the right time and in His own way, has worked out for these other worlds the same plan of salvation that has been vouchsafed to us. In the economy of Nature nothing is ever lost. I cannot believe that the soul of man shall prove the one exception. I do believe in Jesus Christ, in His mission among us, in the breadth of that mission, and I do believe this picture of Jesus of the Emerald to be the closest reproduction, up to this time, of the face of the man who lived the life and performed the works that history proves were achieved by Jesus Christ.

Moved to the depths of my soul by the spiritual appeal of this beautiful attempt to materialize Jesus

Christ as a physical man, the foregoing conception of how it might have been produced was born in my heart and brain, and because of the compelling power of the picture I am moved to share it with all the world who believe in Jesus Christ.







